

**MARVEL**  
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# DAREDEVIL

HUMANITY'S  
FATHOM

PART TWO  
OF FIVE



GRINDBERG  
94



**FATHOMS OF HUMANITY**  
part two of five  
**BEARING FALSE WITNESS**

*BENEATH THE UNCEASING  
HOSTILITY OF THE CITY  
STREETS EXISTS A WORLD  
SEPARATE FROM WHAT IS  
ABOVE.*

*IT IS A WORLD CONTAINING A  
SOCIETY, A COMMUNITY...*

*...A COMMUNITY UNLIKE ANY  
SEEN BY THOSE WHO LIVE  
ABOVE GROUND, YET  
ALARMINGLY SIMILAR NONE-  
THE LESS.*

*HYPER-ACUTE HEARING PICKS  
UP THE RASPY BREATHING AND  
UNEVEN HEARTBEAT OF THE  
SICKLY INFANT HE HOLDS IN  
HIS HANDS.*

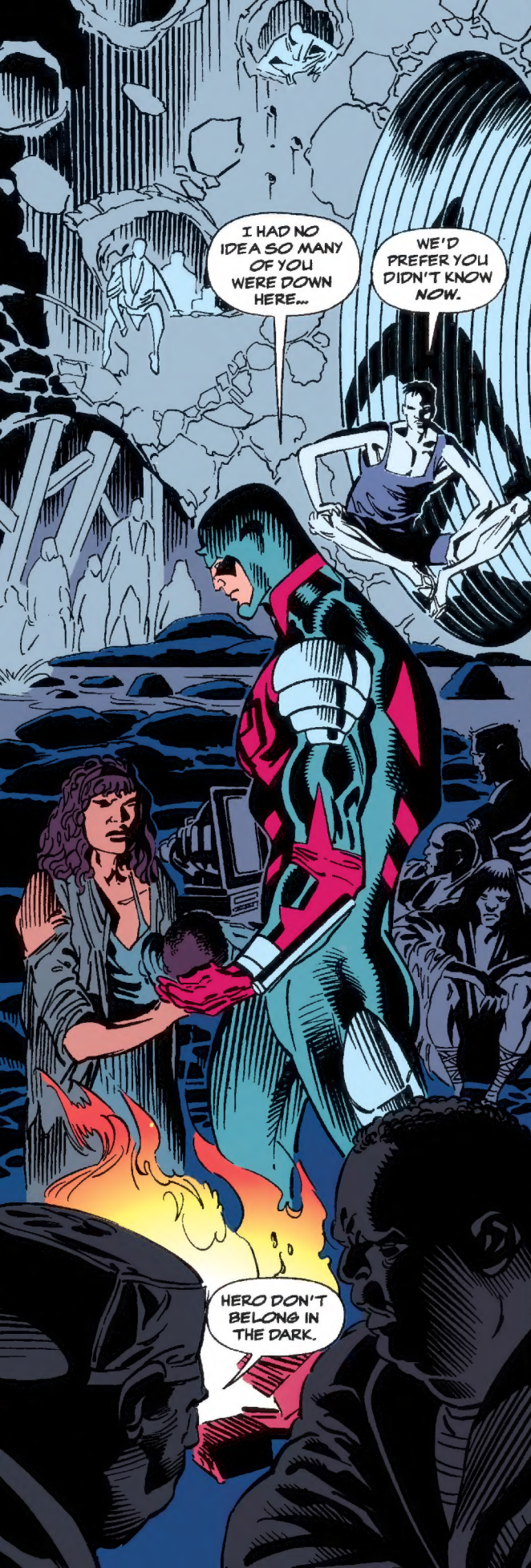
*HE IS BEWILDERED AT THE  
NUMBER OF CHILDREN WHO LIVE  
HERE, MANY BORN HERE, IN  
THESE TUNNELS AND SEWAGE  
DRAINS.*

"As someday it may happen that a victim must be found, I've got a little list—I've got a little list. Of society offenders who might well be underground and who would never be missed—who would never be missed."—

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert

**GREGORY WRIGHT**-writer  
**TOM GRINDBERG**-penciler  
**DON HUDSON**-inker  
**EVA GRINDBERG**-colorist  
**BILL OAKLEY**-letterer  
**RALPH MACCHIO**-editor  
**TOM DeFALCO**-chief





I HAD NO IDEA SO MANY OF YOU WERE DOWN HERE...

WE'D PREFER YOU DIDN'T KNOW NOW.

HERO DON'T BELONG IN THE DARK.



HE'S--HE'S BEEN SO SICK. THANK THE LORD RALPHIE AND ED WERE ABLE TO GET MONEY TO BUY MEDICINE AND FORMULA.

THE CLINICS THROW US OUT-- I AIN'T GOT NO MILK.



GOD ANSWERED MY PRAYERS WHEN HE KEPT MY ADDICTION AWAY FROM HIM.

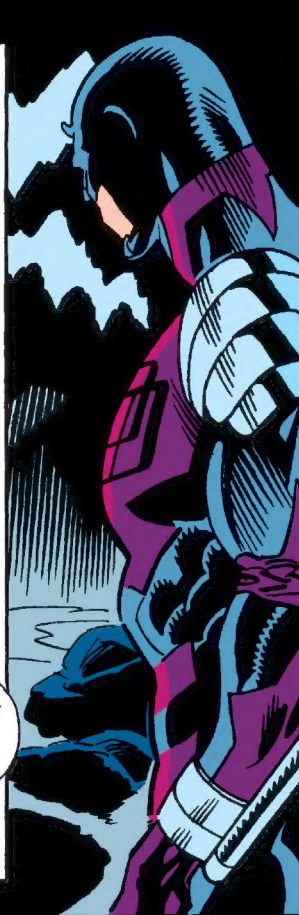


YOUR SON REALLY DOES NEED PROPER MEDICAL CARE. DOWN HERE YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY--

I KNOW SEVERAL GOOD AGENCIES THAT PLACE FOSTER CHILDREN UNTIL THE PARENTS CAN GET STRAIGHT.

I CAN--









YAHH!

ED.

KRIK

YOU TRICKED HIM INTO FIGHTING THE KING FOR US, BECAUSE WE COULD NOT DEFEAT HIM OURSELVES.

THE KING WILL NOT BOTHER US FOR SOME TIME NOW THANKS TO DAREDEVIL.

SO CUT THE MAN SOME SLACK.



I CAN SPEAK FOR MYSELF.

WHERE'D YOU LEARN THE MARTIAL ARTS--?

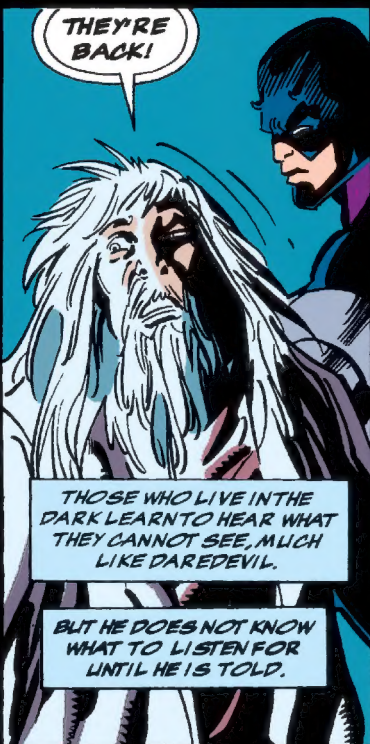
LIKE YOURSELF, I AM NOT WHAT I SEEM.



TELEVISION?

...ON PBS TONIGHT...

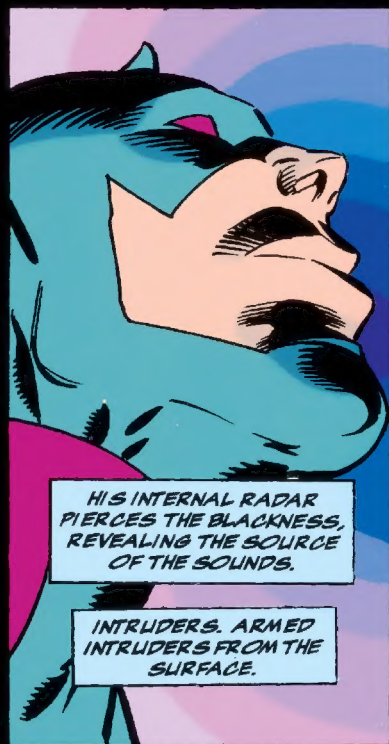
INGENUITY. THE CITY'S BLOOD IS UNDERGROUND WITH US. WE TAP ONLY WHAT WE NEED--



THEY'RE BACK!

THOSE WHO LIVE IN THE DARK LEARN TO HEAR WHAT THEY CANNOT SEE, MUCH LIKE DAREDEVIL.

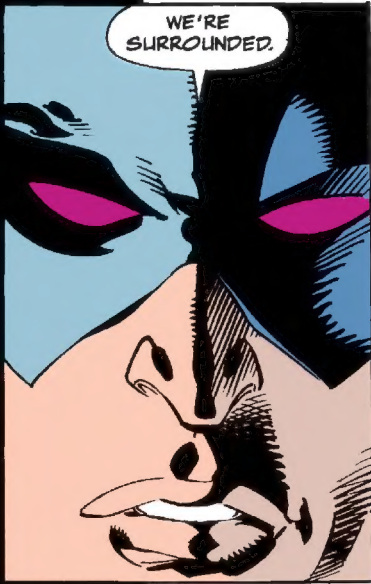
BUT HE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TO LISTEN FOR UNTIL HE IS TOLD.



HIS INTERNAL RADAR PIERCES THE BLACKNESS, REVEALING THE SOURCE OF THE SOUNDS.

INTRUDERS. ARMED INTRUDERS FROM THE SURFACE.





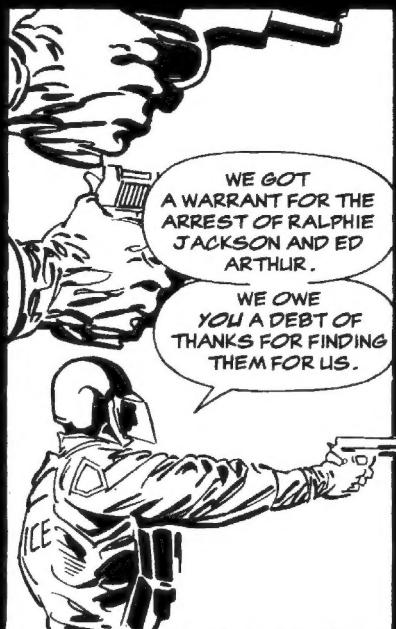
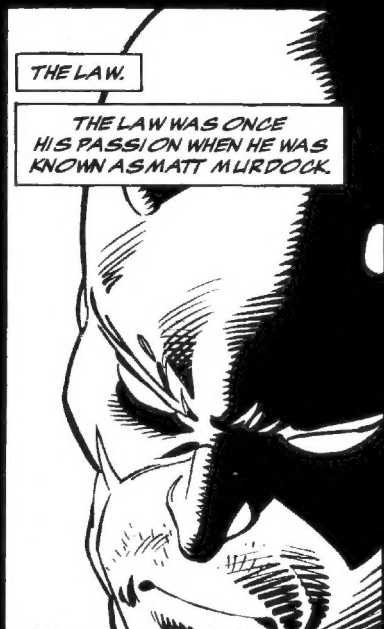




BACK OFF,  
HERO. WE'RE  
THE LAW. YOU  
AREN'T.

THE LAW.

THE LAW WAS ONCE  
HIS PASSION WHEN HE WAS  
KNOWN AS MATT MURDOCK.



WE GOT  
A WARRANT FOR THE  
ARREST OF RALPHIE  
JACKSON AND ED  
ARTHUR.

WE OWE  
YOU A DEBT OF  
THANKS FOR FINDING  
THEM FOR US.



I KNEW  
YOU WAS  
ROTTEN LUCK  
FOR US. YOU'RE  
IN IT DEEP AS  
LONG AS HE'S  
AROUND!

THESE TWO  
ARE SUSPECTS  
IN SEVERAL  
PARKING GARAGE  
BOMBINGS.

SEVERAL  
WITNESSES  
DESCRIBED THEM  
IDENTICALLY.

WE COULD RUN ALL  
YOUR "FRIENDS" IN,  
YOU KNOW, IF IT  
WEREN'T FOR THE  
PAPERWORK.

WE HEAR YOU'VE  
BEEN INTERFERIN' IN  
POLICE BUSINESS A  
LOT THESE DAYS.



THE OLD DAREDEVIL  
KNEW WHERE THE LINE  
WAS DRAWN. TOO BAD  
HE AIN'T AROUND.



HE HAS THOSE WHO  
DWELL ON THE SURFACE  
FOOLED INTO BELIEVING  
HE'S A DIFFERENT MAN.

BUT IT GNAWS AT HIS  
MIND HOW THESE TUNNEL  
DWELLERS KNOW HE'S  
THE SAME.

THEY ALMOST KNOW HIM  
BETTER THAN HE KNOWS  
HIMSELF.



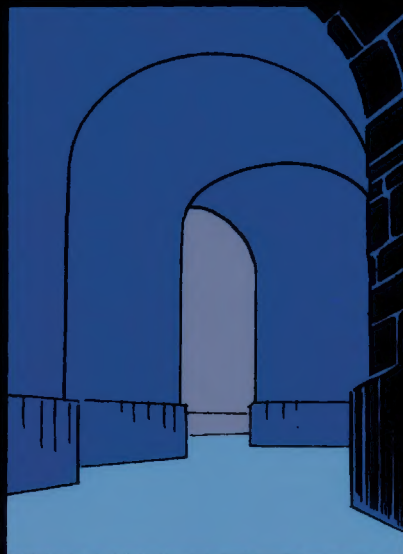




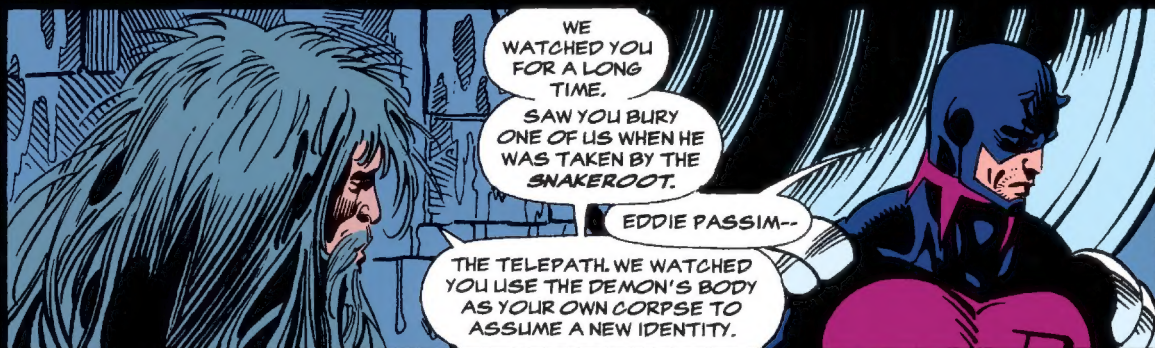
ALL YOU  
COSTUMED CLOWNS  
MAKE OUR JOB  
HARDER.



YOU'RE  
WORSE'N INTERNAL  
AFFAIRS.



I DON'T NEED  
YOUR HELP! GO BACK  
WITH THE SUNFOLK,  
WHERE YOU BELONG!

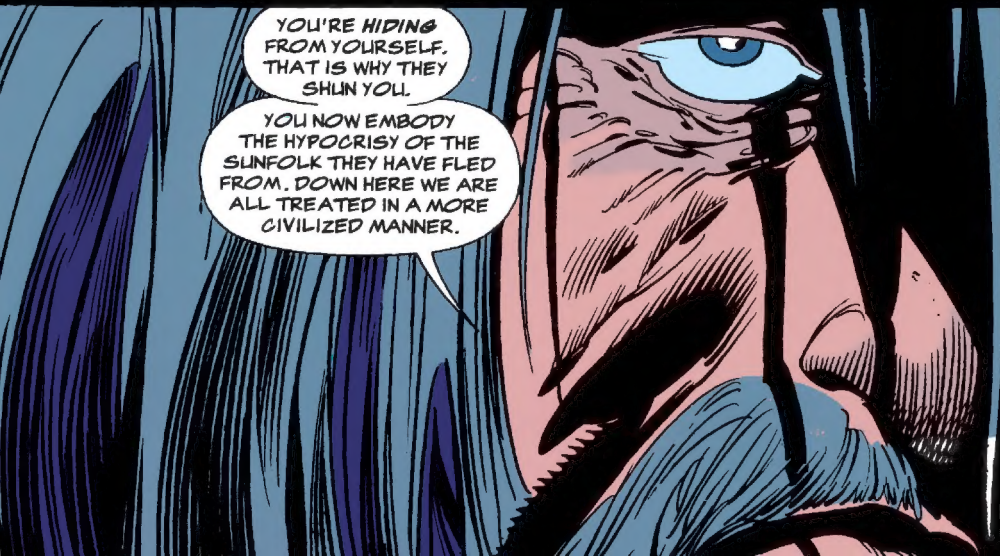


WE  
WATCHED YOU  
FOR A LONG  
TIME.

SAW YOU BURY  
ONE OF US WHEN HE  
WAS TAKEN BY THE  
SNAKEROOT.

EDDIE PASSIM--

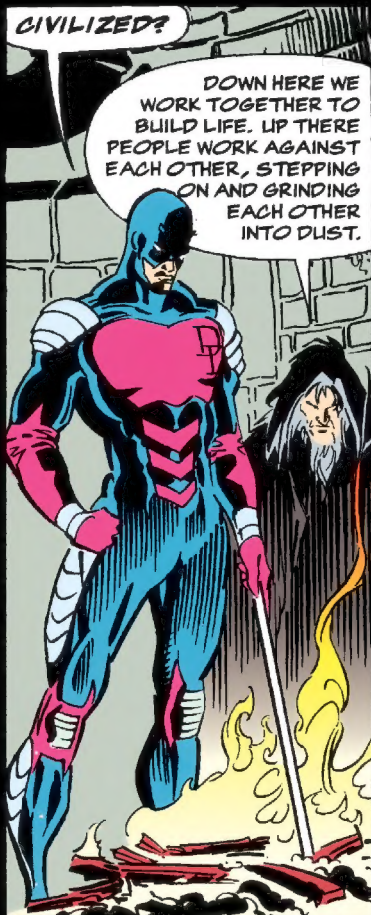
THE TELEPATH. WE WATCHED  
YOU USE THE DEMON'S BODY  
AS YOUR OWN CORPSE TO  
ASSUME A NEW IDENTITY.



YOU'RE HIDING  
FROM YOURSELF.  
THAT IS WHY THEY  
SHUN YOU.

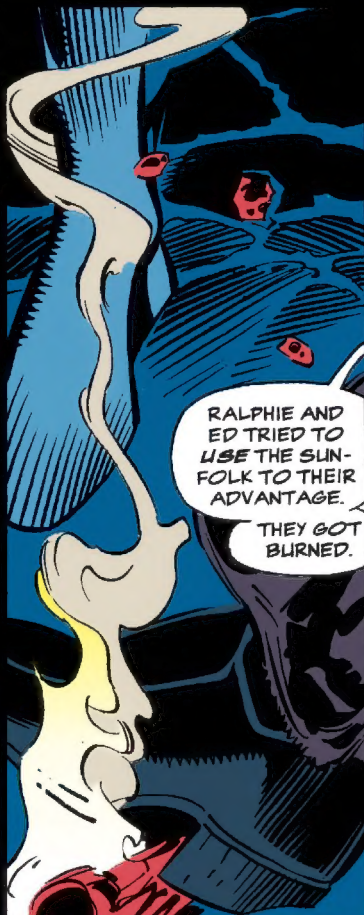
YOU NOW EMBODY  
THE HYPOCRISY OF THE  
SUNFOLK THEY HAVE FLED  
FROM. DOWN HERE WE ARE  
ALL TREATED IN A MORE  
CIVILIZED MANNER.





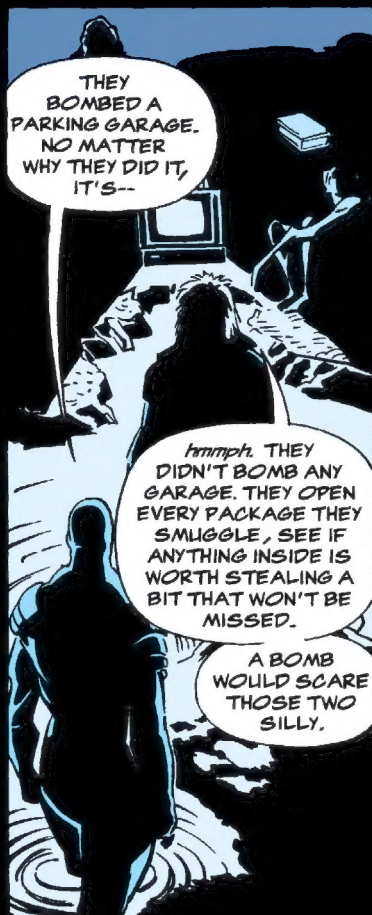
CIVILIZED?

DOWN HERE WE WORK TOGETHER TO BUILD LIFE. UP THERE PEOPLE WORK AGAINST EACH OTHER, STEPPING ON AND GRINDING EACH OTHER INTO DUST.



RALPHIE AND ED TRIED TO USE THE SUNFOLK TO THEIR ADVANTAGE.

THEY GOT BURNED.



THEY BOMBED A PARKING GARAGE. NO MATTER WHY THEY DID IT, IT'S--

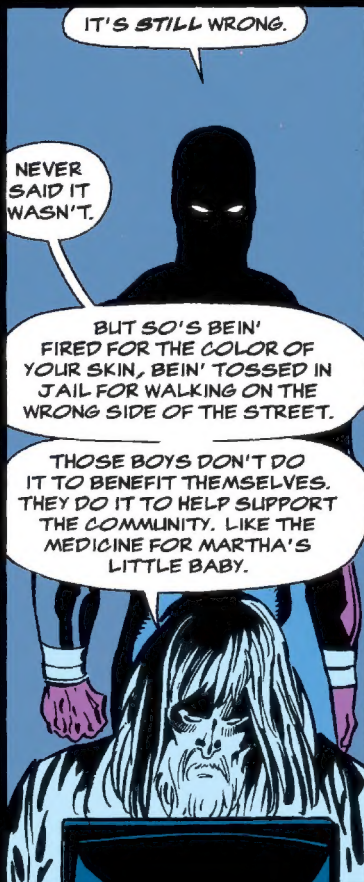
hmmph. THEY DIDN'T BOMB ANY GARAGE. THEY OPEN EVERY PACKAGE THEY SMUGGLE, SEE IF ANYTHING INSIDE IS WORTH STEALING A BIT THAT WON'T BE MISSED.

A BOMB WOULD SCARE THOSE TWO SILLY.



THEY CARRY DRUGS, PAYOFFS, NUMBERS, GOD KNOWS WHAT ALL.

THEY'RE JUST ERRAND BOYS WHO'RE SAFER THAN A MESSENGER SERVICE.



IT'S STILL WRONG.

NEVER SAID IT WASN'T.

BUT SO'S BEIN' FIRED FOR THE COLOR OF YOUR SKIN, BEIN' TOSSED IN JAIL FOR WALKING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREET.

THOSE BOYS DON'T DO IT TO BENEFIT THEMSELVES. THEY DO IT TO HELP SUPPORT THE COMMUNITY. LIKE THE MEDICINE FOR MARTHA'S LITTLE BABY.



THEY KNEW THE RISK WHEN THEY WENT TO THE SUNFOLK AGAINST MY WISHES.

NOW THEY HAVE TO PAY FOR WHAT THEY DIDN'T DO, AND FOR THE GOOD OF THE COMMUNITY, WE STAY OUT OF IT.



DEEPER DOWN IN THE CITY'S SEWAGE SYSTEM, THE SCARRED HEAP OF FETID, FLESH KNOWN AS THE KING WANDERS AND PLOTS HIS NEXT MOVE.

HE WILL HAVE HIS REVENGE ON DAREDEVIL.

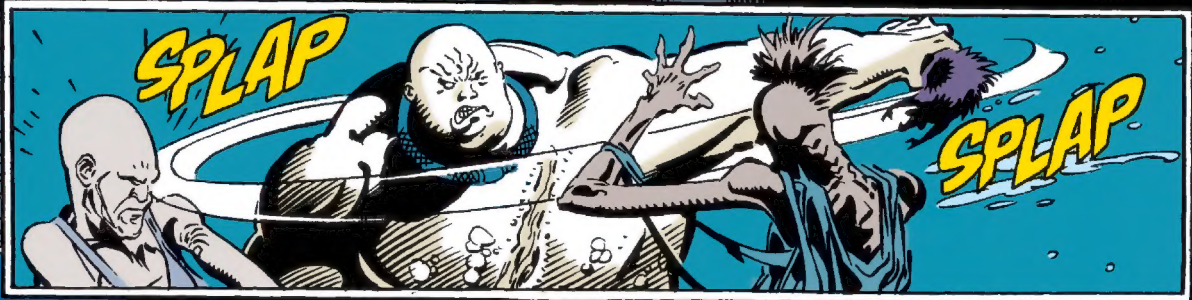
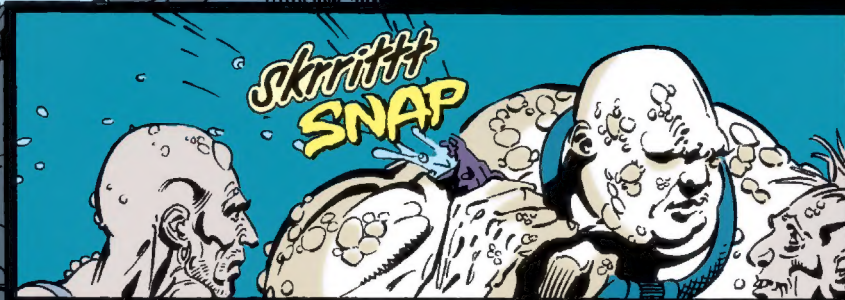
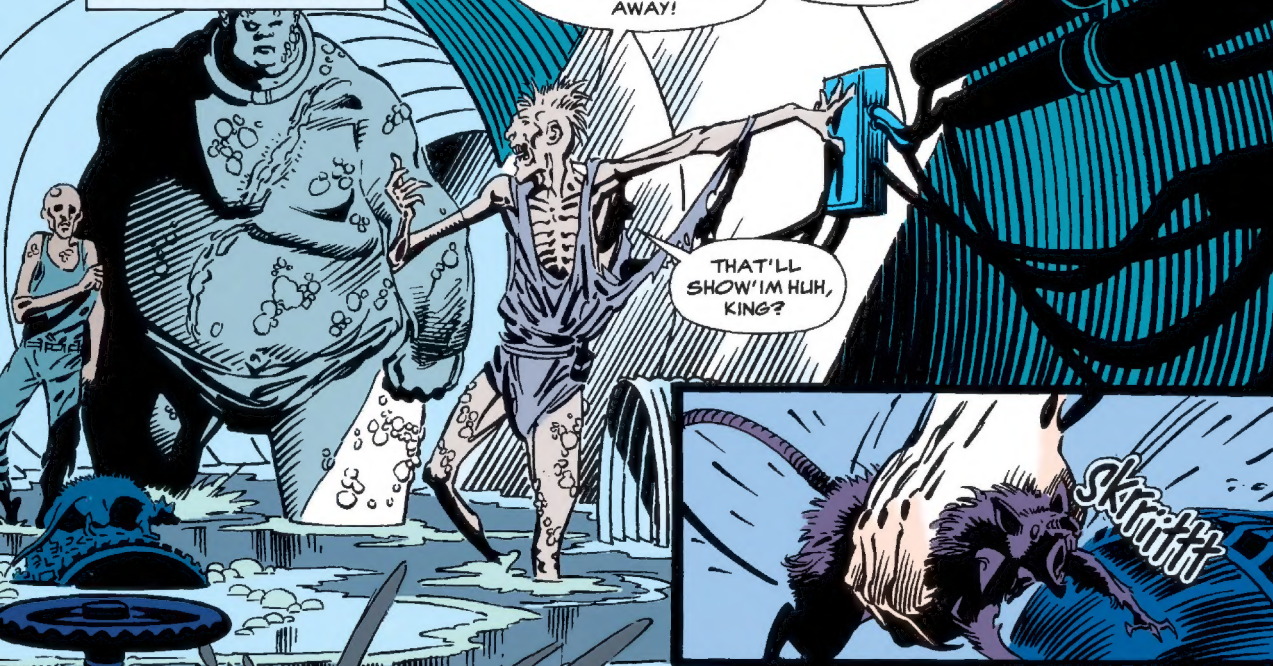
YOU STILL THE KING. YOU STILL THE ONE.

THEY DIDN'T HAVE THE GUTS TA EAT YA, KING, AN YA GOT AWAY!

WE'LL HELP YA. WE'LL FIND DAREDEVIL AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

WE'LL COOK HIM SLOW WHILE HE'S ALIVE AND CHEW THE BONES WHILE HE SCREAMS!

THAT'LL SHOW I'M HLH, KING?



WE HAVE TO FIND IT.

WE HAVE TO FIND THE ALTAR.





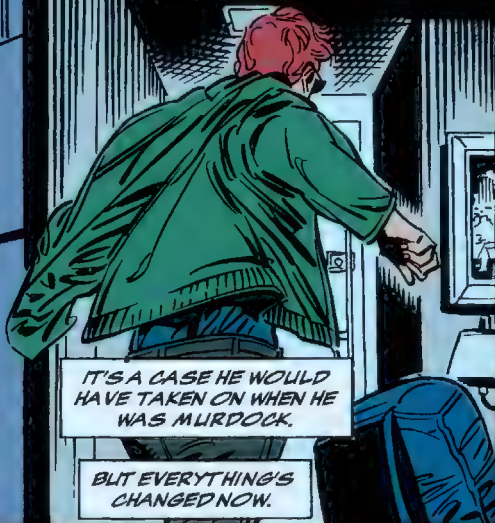
AVENUE C.  
ALPHABET CITY.

...HIS LIFE LITTERLY CONSUMED  
WITH MAKING A DIFFERENCE  
ON THE STREETS.

HE CANNOT  
ALLOW RALPHIE  
AND ED TO BE  
IMPRISONED FOR  
A CRIME THEY DID  
NOT COMMIT.



THEY NEED  
A LAWYER.



IT'S A CASE HE WOULD  
HAVE TAKEN ON WHEN HE  
WAS MURDOCK.

BUT EVERYTHING'S  
CHANGED NOW.

WHERE DAREDEVIL--  
WHERE JACK BATLIN  
(FORMERLY MATT MURDOCK)  
RESIDES, PLAYING THE  
PART OF A CON MAN...

SO WHY DO YOU  
NEED ME TO TALK  
TO THIS LAWYER  
ABOUT THESE  
HOMELESS GUYS,  
JACK?



HAD AN  
ALTERCATION WITH  
A LAWYER AS A  
CHILD I NEVER GOT  
OVER. LOOK, YES  
OR NO?

YOU KNOW,  
WHEN I WAS IN  
FRANCE I USED TO  
PRETEND TO BE A  
LAWYER TO GET HIGH  
SCHOOL GIRLS  
TO--err--hmm.



YOU KNOW THE FRENCH  
AREN'T REALLY RUDE.  
IT'S THE AMERICANS  
WHO GO OVER AND TRASH  
THEIR COUNTRY--



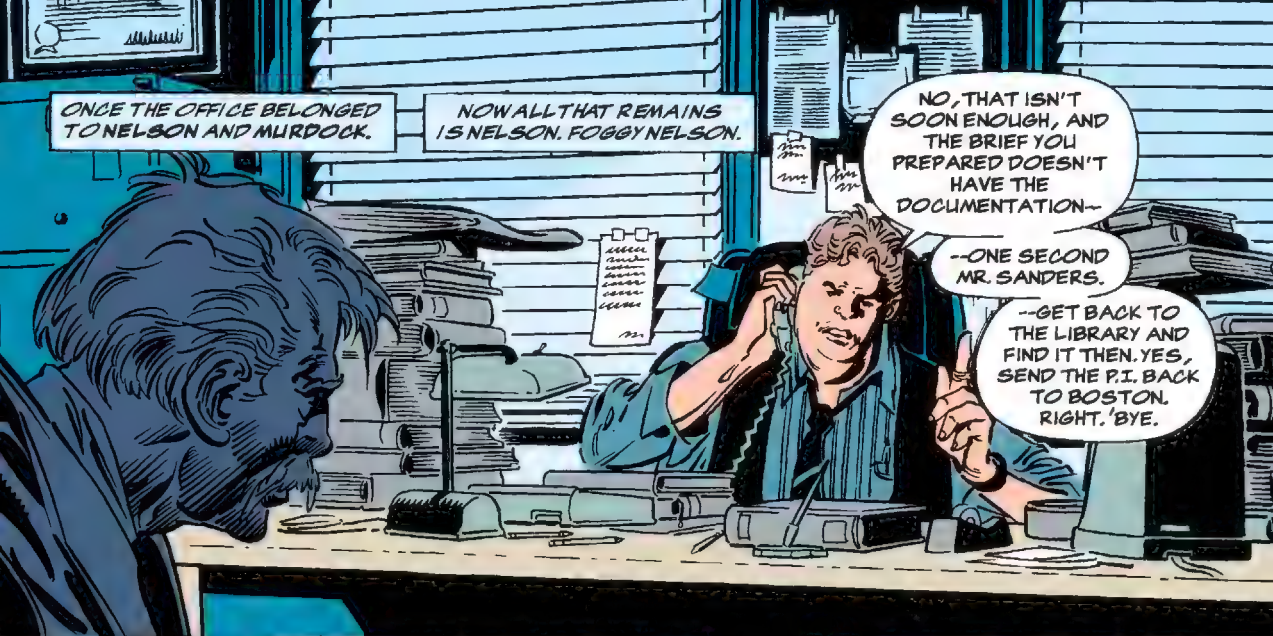
YES OR NO?  
I GOT BUSINESS  
TO ATTEND TO.



OH. Uh...WHY NOT?  
THEN YOU'LL OWE ME  
ONE RIGHT, JACK?

RIGHT?





ONCE THE OFFICE BELONGED TO NELSON AND MURDOCK.

NOW ALL THAT REMAINS IS NELSON. FOGGY NELSON.

NO, THAT ISN'T SOON ENOUGH, AND THE BRIEF YOU PREPARED DOESN'T HAVE THE DOCUMENTATION--

--ONE SECOND MR. SANDERS.

--GET BACK TO THE LIBRARY AND FIND IT THEN. YES, SEND THE P.I. BACK TO BOSTON. RIGHT. 'BYE.



YOU EVER HAVE--?



BRING



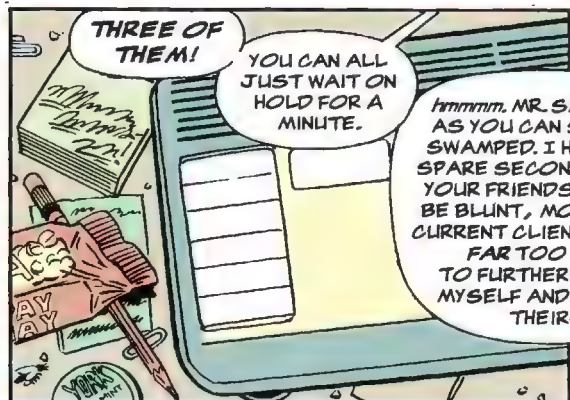
FOGGY NEL-- YES, SIR, I DID TAKE CARE OF-- WHAT? NO. DON'T DO THAT, THEY CAN SUE FOR LIBEL. YES, I--

BRING BRING



HOLD FOR ONE SECOND. THE OTHER LINE'S GOING AND I'M ALONE HERE--

BRING BRING



THREE OF THEM!

YOU CAN ALL JUST WAIT ON HOLD FOR A MINUTE.

hmmmm. MR. SANDERS, AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M SWAMPED. I HAVEN'T A SPARE SECOND TO HELP YOUR FRIENDS, AND TO BE BLUNT, MOST OF MY CURRENT CLIENTS PAY ME FAR TOO MUCH TO FURTHER BURDEN MYSELF AND WEAKEN THEIR--







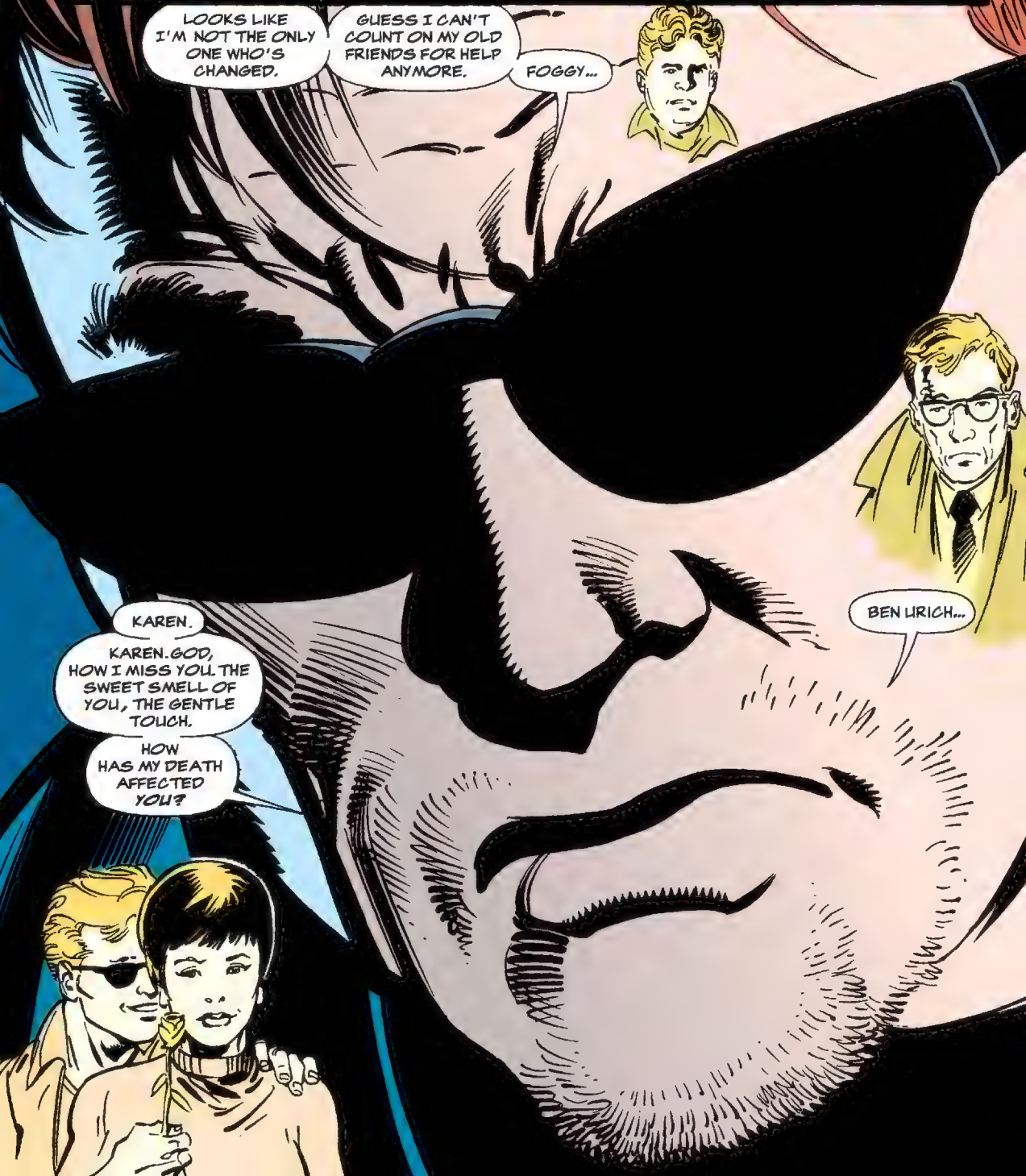
...AND HE SUGGESTED THAT YOUR FRIENDS USE A COURT-APPOINTED ATTORNEY.

HE DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE AN INTEREST IN THEIR FLIGHT...

CAN'T BELIEVE FOGGY. THOUGHT I KNEW HIM BETTER...

WHAT WAS THAT?

NOTHING, LAMAR. THANKS FOR THE HELP.



LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S CHANGED.

GUESS I CAN'T COUNT ON MY OLD FRIENDS FOR HELP ANYMORE.

FOGGY...

KAREN.

KAREN. GOD, HOW I MISS YOU. THE SWEET SMELL OF YOU, THE GENTLE TOUCH.

HOW HAS MY DEATH AFFECTED YOU?

BEN URICH...



THE PSYCHIC  
SALON...

...ONE OF  
NUMEROUS  
NEW AGE PSYCHIC  
SHOPS CATERING  
TO THOSE WHO  
WOULD RATHER  
LIVE LIVES  
OF DELUSION  
THAN REALITY.

I GOT AN INSURANCE  
SCAM RUNNING AGAINST  
THOSE GARAGES THAT  
GOT BOMBED.

WE GET THE REAL  
BOMBERS AND  
THEY'LL PONY UP  
DOUBLE.

Mmmm.

Mmmm, JACK...  
I WAS HOPING  
THIS CALL WAS FOR  
PLEASURE.

I GET HOT  
PULSING SIGNALS  
OF PASSION  
EMANATING FROM--

IT'S JUST  
A HEADACHE,  
RANDI.

THAT'S  
A WOMAN'S  
LINE...

AND  
WHY...

...DO I...

DESERVE  
TO BE IN ON  
THIS?

YOU'VE GOT  
CONNECTIONS IN  
LOW PLACES THAT I  
DON'T.

HELP ME FIND  
THE BOMBERS  
AND I'LL DO  
THE REST.

SO IT'S NOT A  
SEDUCTION LINE.

TOO  
BAD.

IF YOU GAVE US JUST  
A PROPER CHANCE...

WE'D  
MAKE SUCH A  
DELICIOUS  
TEAM...

FOR YOU,  
JACK, I'LL  
LOOK TO THE  
FATES.

WHAT HE CAN'T SEE IS MADE  
UP FOR IN SPADES BY HER  
SWEET VOICE, HER SENSUAL  
TOUCH, HER DELICATE SCENT...



TRIBECA.

THE CLUB SCENE IS JUST HEATING UP FOR THE NIGHT.

WELL, WELL. MINORS OUT PAST MIDNIGHT. AND THE STENCH OF ALCOHOL CAN'T HIDE UNDER ALL THAT CHEAP PERFUME AND COLOGNE.

LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU **STILL** KEEP HANGING WITH THE WRONG ELEMENT, SINCLAIR.

GOTTA GO.

DON'T REMEMBER ASKIN' FOR YOUR APPROVAL, DAREDEVIL.

YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOME HACKING FOR ME. NOT EXACTLY LEGAL.

IS THAT SO? WELL--

IT IS SO.

I OWN YOU WITHOUT ME, YOU GET A ONE WAY TICKET TO RYKERS OR WORSE.

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

SO YOU SAID YOU GOT A COMPUTER TERMINAL FOR ME OR WHAT?

YEAH. AND DON'T THINK THIS IS A FREE PASS TO DO YOUR OWN THING, EITHER.



PARK AVENUE.

WHERE MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR  
BUSINESS DEALS GO DOWN  
EVERY FEW SECONDS.

YOU COME HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED.  
CLEAN, EFFICIENT.

IT'S A  
SHAME I NEED YOU.  
I THOUGHT I DID SUCH  
A FOOLPROOF JOB  
FRAMING THOSE  
HOMELESS IDIOTS  
FOR THOSE  
BOMBINGS.

GUESS THAT'S  
WHAT I GET FOR  
THINKING I COULD  
MASTERMIND THE  
ASSASSINATIONS  
MYSELF.

ALWAYS HIRE THE  
PROS. HAVE TO  
FILE THAT AWAY  
FOR FUTURE  
REFERENCE.

PROBLEM I HAVE  
IS THIS DAREDEVIL  
PERSON'S BEEN  
BANGING DOWN  
DOORS ALL OVER  
TOWN STIRRING UP  
SUSPICIONS.

I KNOW YOU  
HAVE HISTORY WITH  
THE ORIGINAL  
DAREDEVIL. THIS  
ONE'S DIFFERENT.  
HE'S TOUGHER I  
HEAR.

IT DOESN'T  
MATTER. I DON'T DO  
THIS FOR PERSONAL  
REASONS.

YOU GOT THE  
FEE, I GOT THE  
BULLETS TO TAKE  
CARE OF THE  
SINNER.

NOT THAT  
HE'LL FIND  
ANYTHING.

BUT I DON'T  
TAKE CHANCES,  
BUSHWACKER.



HE IS NOT USED TO DEAD ENDS.

HE IS NOT USED TO HIS NEW NETWORK OF FRIENDS.

AND HE'S NOT ENTIRELY CERTAIN THAT HE'S COMFORTABLE WITH THEM.

THEY ALL RESIDE ON THE RAZOR'S EDGE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

BUT WHO IS HE TO JUDGE, PARADING THE STREETS IN A COSTUME, DEALING HIS OWN BRAND OF UNAUTHORIZED JUSTICE?

KRAH

SINCLAIR SPECTRUM HACKED INTO POLICE COMPUTERS TRYING TO FIND CONNECTIONS IN THE STRING OF BOMBINGS.

WHERE SHE COULD MAKE NO CONNECTIONS --HE DOES.

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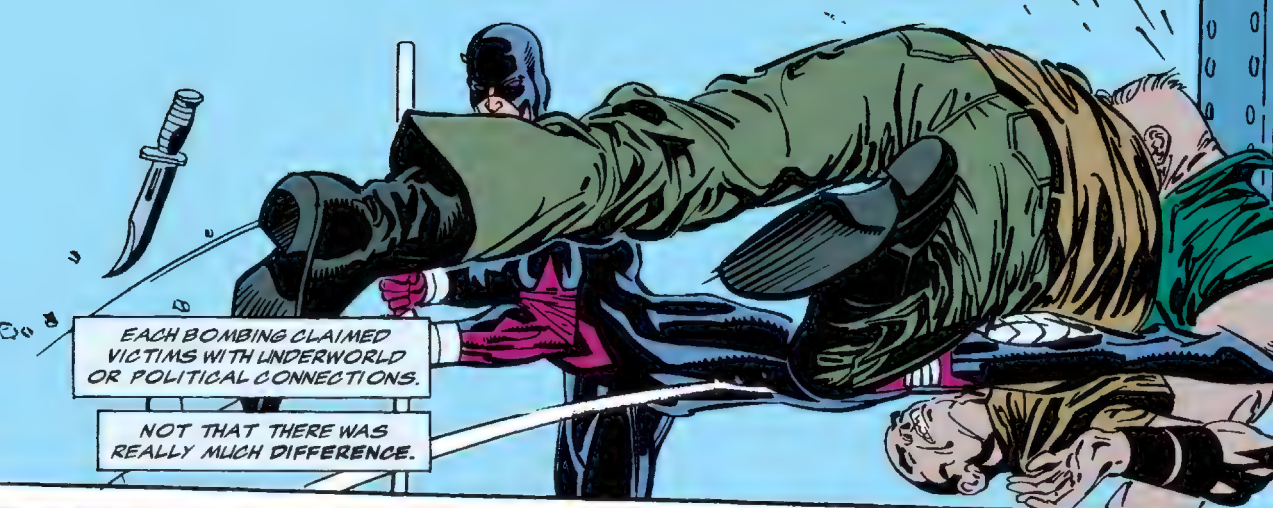
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EACH BOMBING CLAIMED  
VICTIMS WITH UNDERWORLD  
OR POLITICAL CONNECTIONS.

NOT THAT THERE WAS  
REALLY MUCH DIFFERENCE.



NO ANSWERS ON WHO  
WAS RESPONSIBLE.

RANDI JILLETTE FARED ONLY  
SLIGHTLY BETTER, CONNECTING  
THE BOMBINGS TO A COUPLE OF  
RIVAL CRACK RINGS.

SOMEBODY'S GOING  
TO TALK TO HIM.

**SPOCK  
SPOCK  
SPOCK**



SOMEBODY KNOWS  
SOMETHING MORE THAN  
THE AUTHORITIES.



**BRANKK**

**CLICK  
CLICK**

NO!  
WHY DON'T YOU  
FALL?

WHY  
DON'T YOU  
GET HIT?

I  
CAN HEAR THE  
BULLETS.





YOU LOST A  
COUPLE OF YOUR  
BOYS IN A BOMBING  
LAST WEEK.

I WANT A  
LIST OF YOUR  
ENEMIES.

KISS MY--  
WHURGGH!

THWAK

I DON'T  
HAVE TIME FOR  
THIS. I DON'T  
HAVE TIME FOR  
YOU.

YOU GIVE ME  
SOMETHING I CAN  
USE OR YOU'RE  
TAKING A TRIP TO  
THE PAVEMENT.

THE WORDS SOUND ALMOST  
COMICAL AS THEY SPIT FROM  
BETWEEN HIS TEETH.

HE PRAYS THE WORDS  
ALONE WILL SUFFICE.



BRACK

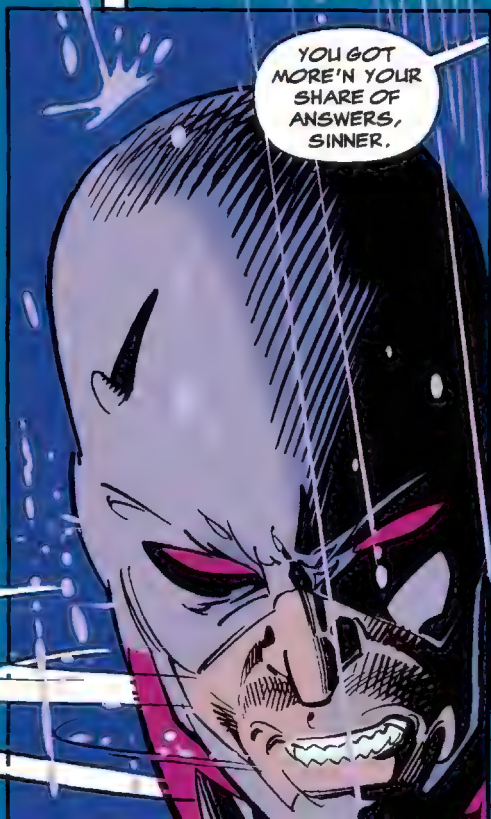
I  
DUNNO...  
ONLY JOSHUA  
KNOWS--

RAAGH!

NO!

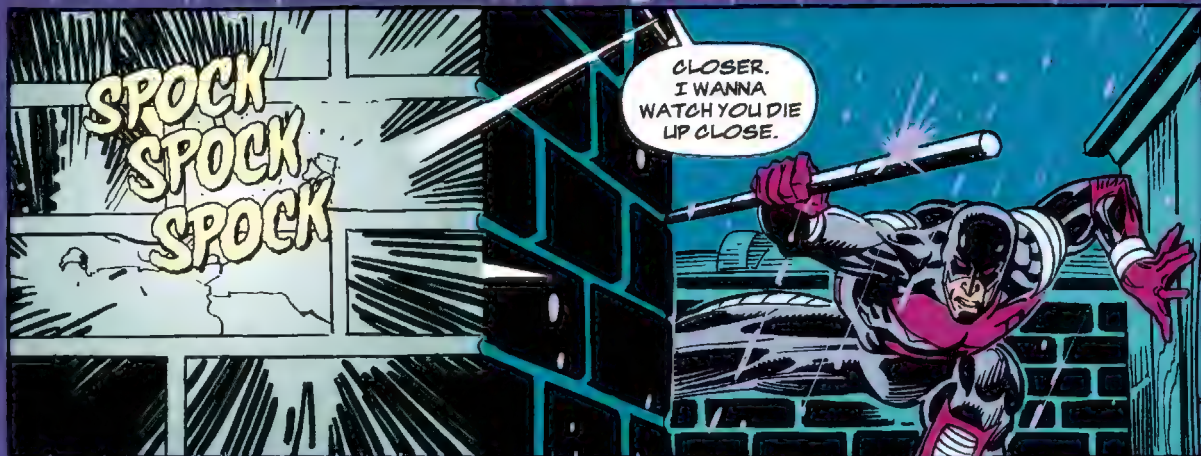
HE WAS TOO ABSORBED  
WITH FINDING ANSWERS  
TO DETECT THE SNIPER.

NOW THE ANSWERS  
MAY BE LOST FOREVER...



YOU GOT  
MORE'N YOUR  
SHARE OF  
ANSWERS,  
SINNER.



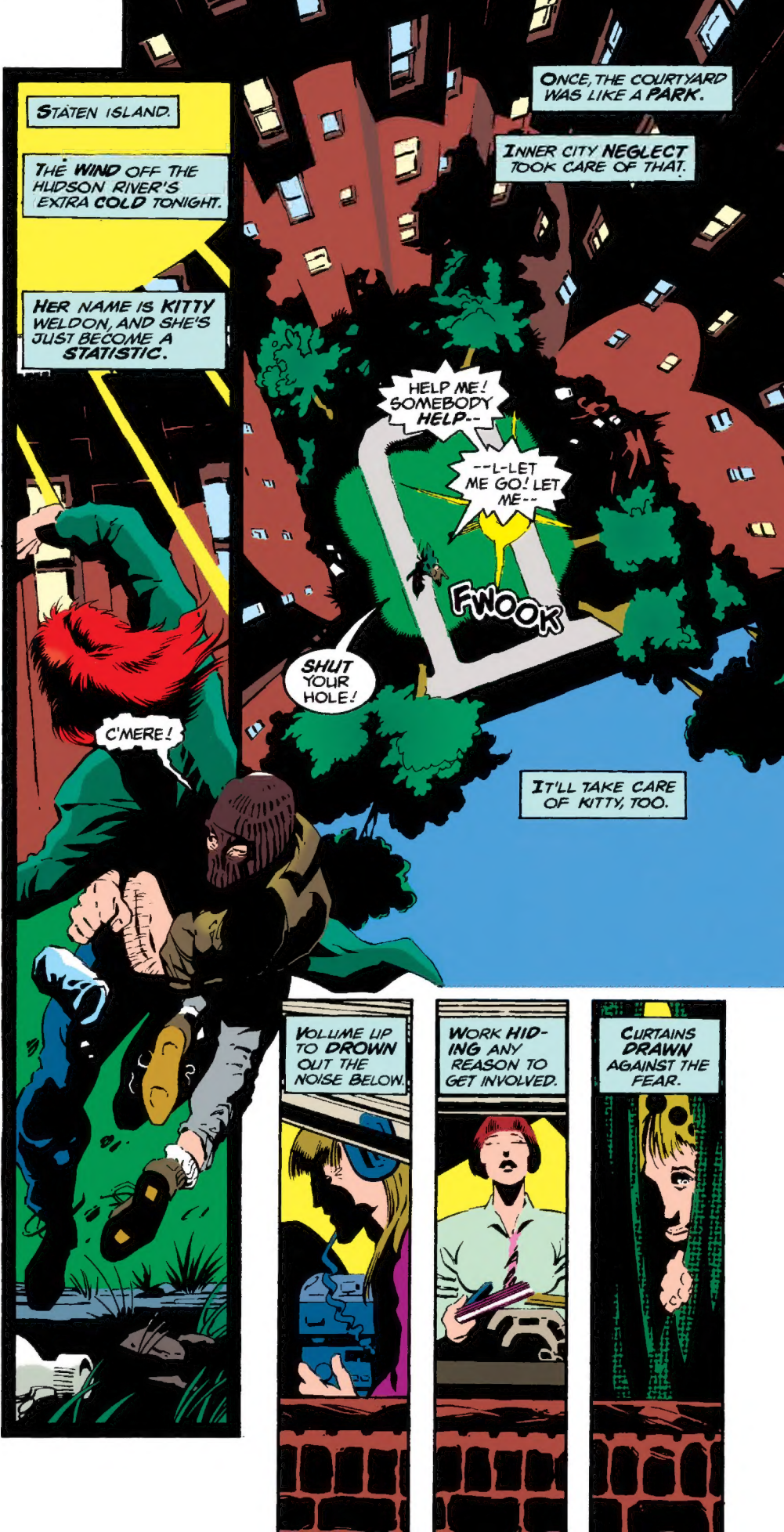




an  
~ELEKTRA~  
teaser

# Q I M

by  
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SCOTT McDaniel  
HECTOR COLLAZO  
with  
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STATEN ISLAND.

THE WIND OFF THE HUDSON RIVER'S EXTRA COLD TONIGHT.

HER NAME IS KITTY WELDON, AND SHE'S JUST BECOME A STATISTIC.

ONCE, THE COURTYARD WAS LIKE A PARK.

INNER CITY NEGLECT TOOK CARE OF THAT.

HELP ME! SOMEBODY HELP--

--LET ME GO! LET ME--

Fwook

SHUT YOUR HOLE!

C'MERE!

IT'LL TAKE CARE OF KITTY, TOO.

VOLUME UP TO DROWN OUT THE NOISE BELOW.

WORK HID-ING ANY REASON TO GET INVOLVED.

CURTAINS DRAWN AGAINST THE FEAR.



KITTY GOT A PROMOTION  
THIS MORNING TO OFFICE  
MANAGER.

AT LUNCH, SHE FOUND TEN  
DOLLARS ON THE SUBWAY.

ON THE WAY HOME, SHE MADE  
WEEKEND PLANS WITH HER  
BOYFRIEND OF TEN MONTHS.

SHE KNOWS--JUST KNOWS--HE'S  
GOING TO POP THE QUESTION.

KITTY'S ATTACKER  
DOESN'T CARE.

HE JUST KNOWS SHE'S  
SOFT AND WARM AND  
THE WIND IS SO COLD  
TONIGHT.

PLEASE...

SO VERY  
COLD.

THE SAI CATCHES  
THE WRIST LIKE  
IT'S NOT MOVING.

...SOMEBODY...

AND BREAKS IT  
IN SIX PLACES.

GYAARKK

GET AWAY  
FROM ME! GET  
AWAY!

ELEKTRA COULD  
DO MORE.

A NINJA COULD  
ALWAYS DO WORSE.

MOTHERLESS  
PIECE OF--



BUT NOT WITHOUT REASON,  
SHE TELLS HERSELF.

MAKE IT COUNT.

NO MATTER HOW  
DARK THE METHOD.

NO MATTER  
HOW TERRIBLE.

GIVE IT  
MEANING.

QUIET.

LISTEN...

IN THE SUDDEN STILL, THE  
SOUND IS A CACOPHONY.

THE POP OF SKIN  
BREAKING OPEN.

A SLIDING WETNESS  
OF STEEL AND MEAT.

BONE SNAPPING, HIGH  
PITCHED AND HOLLOW.







IT SLICES  
THROUGH.

AND  
CUTS  
DEEP.

AND THEY  
WILL HEAR  
ITS ECHOES  
LONG AFTER  
TONIGHT.



RUN AWAY  
NOW, KITTY...DON'T  
LOOK BACK.

THE REST OF  
YOU. LET ANOTHER  
CALL FOR **HELP** GO  
BY... THEN LISTEN FOR  
THAT **SOUND**  
AGAIN.



VERY CLOSE  
... AND VERY  
**PERSONAL...**

ELEKTRA COMES YOUR  
WAY FULL FORCE THIS  
JANUARY IN "ELEKTRA:  
ROOT OF EVIL!"

BE HERE NEXT ISSUE FOR  
EXCLUSIVE BEHIND-THE-  
SCENES DETAILS!